

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 539.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1842.

PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY REVOLUTIONS.

THE student of English literary history is familiar with the fact, that every successive age has been distinguished by the development of some species of literature distinct in its character from those which delighted the public in the preceding and subsequent ages. In our own time we have seen the rise, progress, and decay of the historical novel; for although that species of composition was not wholly unknown before the days of Sir Walter Scott, it was not extensively popular, nor was it cultivated by men of enlarged understandings and extensive acquirements. The novelists of an earlier period were, indeed, in the habit of introducing historical characters as part of their machinery; but to make the interest of the fiction mainly dependent on the historical truth with which these characters were depicted, was no part of their plan. This—the grand secret of success in the modern historical novel—they never attempted: they trusted for the most part to the general accuracy with which they delineated human character, and to the variety and liveliness of their incidents. The great writer we have named may fairly claim the credit of having created a new school of composition, and one which acquired popularity more speedily and extensively than could well have been anticipated. Whilst, however, his own productions and those of some of his followers are not likely soon to forfeit their present position amongst the treasures of English literature, it is scarcely probable that any new attempt in the same field would meet with very distinguished success. The day for the historical novel has passed.

Earlier than these there was the Romance School, with its apparatus of beleaguered castles, distressed damsels, gallant knights, haunted chambers with all the horrors of enchantment and diablerie. These had their charms for a time; but with the time these charms departed, and the productions of the romance school are now consigned to the shelves of the circulating library in the obscure village or distant borough town.

Then there was the school of fashionable novels; and this, too, has had its day. It was not a very long one, but one quite long enough, although we are far from thinking it one without its utility. "I remember," says Schlegel, "it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade, and the traveller's pass should contain an exact portrait of its bearer, that moment would it become impossible to write a good romance, for then nothing would occur in real life which might with any moderate degree of ornament be formed into the groundwork of such a fiction." Did the "great philosopher," then, never read a fashionable novel where the interest is such as no perfection of police or revenue establishments could ever destroy—where speculative mothers, persecuted daughters, wealthy baronets, and unhappy younger sons, figure as characters, and where the scene is laid not in umbrageous forests, but in courtly drawing-rooms—not in the robber-haunted paths of Abruzzi, but in the perfumed regions of Mayfair! Writings of this description were for a time eagerly read; for just as men covet to know something about those countries where savage jealousy prohibits civilised intercourse—just as China and Japan are to this day the objects of anxious curiosity—so did men wish to learn something of the customs and habits of people whose wealth and position had elevated them out of the range of vulgar observation. But this was a curiosity that was soon satisfied; lords

and ladies were found out to differ but little from other people, and the fashionable novel has taken its place in the obituary of literature.

Modern times have also witnessed the rise and fall of another school of a very different kind; and this, with every admiration of its originator's powers, we take leave to designate the "Byronic." Lord Byron said, "that he awoke one morning and found himself famous." And one morning afterwards, divers young gentlemen, his countrymen, awoke and found themselves miserable. Then did the peas groan with poetical sighs and cantos of lamentations, and the gorgeous descriptions of the noble pilgrim were iterated and reiterated till Cadiz and the Acropolis, the Piræus and "Scio's rocky isle," became familiar in men's mouths as household words. Then sprung into literary existence enough of bandits and pirates, each of whom "knew himself a villain," to have stocked every prison and plundered every bank in Europe. The world became out of conceit with the world, and sleek darlings of fortune took to railing against their nurse in good set phrase. This humour has passed away, and the Byronic school has become a thing of yesterday.

The most remarkable of all changes is the falling off, if not abandonment, of dramatic literature. It had its day, and is gone. Social progress now requires other instruments. Before literature became so generally cultivated as it has of late been, the stage was the chief instrument of education, and no other could have been found more adapted for a people which was not a reading people. This was the case amongst the Greeks, and then it was that the drama achieved its loftiest triumphs, for then was it the medium through which educated mind spoke to the whole body of the people, as now it speaks through the printing press. In the middle ages books were scarce, and reading an art of rare and difficult acquisition; and we know that the clergy—the sole public instructors—made theatrical representations the vehicle for diffusing the principles of religion and the precepts of morality amongst the unlettered people. Nay, theatrical representations, from the purposes for which they were used then, received the emphatic name of "Moralities." And even in subsequent times, when reading was confined to the wealthier classes, the theatre was still the channel of intercourse between great minds and the bulk of the people. If, then, we are surprised at the decline of the drama, we must remember, that, since the halcyon days of dramatic excellence, times have changed, and the men who would have written plays of yore now write books, and secure thereby an audience more numerous, and more capable of appreciating literary excellence.

When we go back into the earlier ages of English literature, we find other extinct modes or styles—as, for example, the character-depicting of the early part of the seventeenth century. This consisted in taking some section of society, or profession, or occupation, and giving the whole of its characteristic features under an impersonation, thus, as it were, making an individual the representative of his class. Sir Thomas Overbury was one of the earliest cultivators of this mode; and Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, one of the latest. With much antithetical quaintness of expression, they produced many able sketches; but we find in almost all of them a disposition to condemn large sections of men on account of their pursuits, or other circumstances over which they could scarcely have had any control—a species of prejudice which has survived the period. The physician has been a favourite point for the satirist's weapons, from the days of Horace downwards, and an alderman has always been con-

sidered fair game. Shakspeare himself, with all reverence be it spoken, never brings a mayor on the stage but to make him ridiculous; but, despite the jest, we must remember that Dante was Mayor of Florence, and that Montaigne—the learned, tender, lively Montaigne, who has instructed and delighted thousands—served a municipal office at Bordeaux. Dr Earle is not superior to vulgar prejudice, and he does not forget to make his alderman as an alderman ought to be—fat. But he depicts him as something worse than fat. "A ponderous man he is and substantial, for his weight commonly is extraordinary." "He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward," we are told, "yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the balances in his warehouse." The parvenu, or "gentleman of no ancient gentility," has also usually been a favourite butt of the wits; and we can readily see, in the frequency and bitterness of their ridicule, how rapidly the increase of commercial wealth at this period was raising the condition of the middle classes of society. A revolution of such a kind could not have been otherwise than distasteful to those to whose level they were raised. "The upstart country knight," whom Bishop Earle satirises, was doubtless unpopular in his time. His father is described as "a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churn milk. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport and have his fist gloved with his jesses." There is something cocknified in the bishop's conception of "a plain country fellow," who, he would have us to believe, possesses a mind not much distracted by objects of real moment; "but if a good fat cow come in his way, stands dumb and astonished, and, tho' his haste be never so great, will fix here a half an hour's contemplation. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse." To the bishop, citizens, shopkeepers, and bakers, are peculiar objects of aversion. The first has for "his cheapest guest a customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges, especially if you be an honest gentleman—that is, trust him to cozen you enough." The second "tells you lies by rote and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn." The unfortunate baker "abhors works of charity, and thinks his bread cast away when it is given to the poor." The attorney, as might be supposed, meets but little mercy at the hands of this severe satirist. "Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience; and when the time or term of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure, for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment." The character-depicting style was not always satirical. It is Overbury, we think, who gives a picture of "The Happy Milkmaid," one of the sweetest essences that ever poet distilled from the crude mass of actual life.

A style of poetry flourished in the time of Charles I., which no subsequent age has seen revived. It consisted in short, hard-favoured pieces of verse, on religious subjects, generally on those which there is least pleasure in contemplating. It gave the most unamiable views of human nature, and was eager to remind the reader of the shortness of his days, and the sad state his body was sure to come to in the grave. The poor little vanities in which man indulges on earth, and without which, apparently, his career would be unmitigated misery and toil, were

especial marks for this kind of poetry, to which we may give the epithet of the cross-bones and death's-head style. The sight of a well-dressed lady threw one of this order of poets into a fit of melancholy, in which he would be sure to compose some stanzas on the figure of an hour-glass, showing how shockingly mouldy our fine dame would be a hundred years hence. A pompous procession, a royal marriage, a coronation, or any other fine affair which usually sets common mortals a-buzzing, only caused our sepulchral bard to fall a-writing epitaphs for the principal parties concerned. Even the innocent sports of childhood supplied him with food for his morbid musings. Of this style Quarles was the principal cultivator; and it must be owned, notwithstanding what Pope has said of him, and all our horror of his charnel-house imagery, that he was no mean poet. Nevertheless, the spade-and-mattock literature lived, if it ever could be said to *live*, only for its day.

In the same age, and a little before it, flourished the allegorical style of poetry, zenithed amidst a blaze of intellectual glory by Spenser. A cunning plan was this allegorical mode of writing, far outwying in that respect all the Philosophy-in-Sport-made-Science-in-Earnest of the present age. A young lady sat down to read what she thought a long romantic poem respecting a red-cross knight. The hero was handsome and engaging; the adventures sufficiently strange, and all that kind of thing. How she must have been surprised at last to learn that she had all the time been perusing a theological treatise! She turned to the adventures of another knight, who encounters every sort of danger, suffers long captivity, and at last is brought out to be tormented and put to death. It must have appeared rather odd to be told, after all, that this gentleman was the virtue called Fortitude. She would read, with a feeling of dreamy enchantment, a description of a scene beautiful beyond all imagination—how startling it must have been to learn that this was only a curious way of describing a temptation presented to the morals of one of these chivalric abstractions! And Edmund Spenser wrote many volumes of his fine-sounding stanzas in this manner—all being substantial and personal to appearance, but bodiless and abstract in reality. "The Purple Island" of Phineas Fletcher is a long and elaborate poem of this kind. At first sight, it seems a very pleasant piece of topography done into rhyme, but by and by we find that the real subject is the human body. This style enjoyed a protracted existence in prose, and gave rise to one work of that nature still charming—"The Pilgrim's Progress." The Essayists also made some use of it; we must all remember such openings of papers in the *Advertiser* and *Rambler*, as "Pity was the daughter of Love and Sorrow." There must have been something which was felt to be beautiful in this style, or it would not have enjoyed so much popularity; and, indeed, there are some specimens of it which must ever live in our literature. Yet, strange to say, no writer for an age or more has thought of composing in this manner. The virtues are now spoken of in their simple ostensible characters, and the human body is described by Drs Combe and Southwood Smith without any poetical bo-peep about the matter.

When we step farther back in the annals of English literature, we find various modes long since deceased; for instance, the device of relating half-satirical matters under the similitude of a dream, practised by Buckhurst in his "Mirror for Magistrates," the Scottish *Lyndsay*, and even so early a man as Robert Langlands in his "Piers Ploughman." Dante being probably the first actor of the fashion to our countrymen. For one whole age in the Plantagenet times, there was scarcely any thing but rhymed histories; a little before, there was nothing but metrical romances. And all these works were written each after a particular manner, which, in the main, was sustained as long as the fashion of that kind of literature existed.

Though there are certainly instances of something like a slight revival of a particular style of literature, generally under the influence of some man of talent who has chosen to throw his mind into that form, it is almost a rule that a style has only its day—just as the Elizabethan dress may be sometimes resuscitated at a fancy ball, and for a night admired, but yet has no chance of coming again into fashion amongst the public. It is difficult to account for this; for if all the readers of a particular period have seen beauty and found enjoyment in any particular kind of literature, why should not the readers of another period, seeing that the human mind remains essentially the same, be liable to similar experiences? Perhaps there are two things which contribute in a considerable measure to the phenomenon—difference of conditions in different ages, and the mere fancy or caprice which obviously is what creates fashion in dress. Thus, an age may require the drama, because its moral feelings can only be addressed through the medium of the living scene; and poets may find it necessary, for very grave reasons, to give advice and reproof on political matters under cover of a dream. Fashion acts more widely. Originally struck out, perhaps, by a first-rate intellect, a mode acquires favour with the public: the next class of intellects imitate; and the public likes the first and best specimens so much, that it readily patronises the secondary and the mediocre. It thus becomes the predominating literary feature of the time—in short, the fashion. At length, it is so bur-

lesqued by the last and weakest class of writers, and its whole soul and spirit is so worn out and exhausted, that a disgust arises, and neither men, women, nor children, will listen any more. The next great wit carries away the public mind in a new direction, and the old style is thenceforth only sufficiently remembered to ensure that, when any one twangs a single string of its lyre, he is instantly proclaimed an imitator of a fashion gone by.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART THIRD.

THE next morning the pat, pat, pat, of Mr Byfield's cane was heard ascending the steps leading to Mr Hylier's hall door; his knock had the determined sound of "I will come in." "Remember, James," said his mistress, "popping" her head out of the breakfast-room, "I am not at home—I shall not be home all day—I am out for a week—went down to meet your master last night." James bowed, and the lady disappeared.

"My mistress is not at home, sir," observed the sapient footman. Mr Byfield poked him aside with his cane, and having entered the hall, said, "I want to speak to Miss Dawson."

"Miss Dawson, sir, left the house last night." "Left last night! Then where is she gone to?" "I really can't say, sir; she's left for good, trunk and all."

"Left—gone; but surely you must know where she drove to?"

"The housemaid saw her off, sir," Mr Byfield commanded Mary to appear; but she, having always lived "in the best families," lied with superior firmness. "The very words Miss Dawson said, sir, were, 'Tell the cab to drive to Oxford Street, and then I will direct him the number;' these were her last words, sir, and I can tell no more." Mary was in haste—not agitated by the untruth—so she stayed no farther question, but dived down the kitchen stairs.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "I must see your mistress."

"Not at home, sir," repeated James.

"When will she be at home?"

"Not for a week. She's gone down to where master's stopping."

"That's the third falsehood you have told since I entered this house, young man," observed Mr Byfield. "Your mistress cannot have gone down to where your master is, because business obliged your master to come to my house this morning, even before he visited his own;" and Mr Byfield turned and entered the breakfast-room so suddenly as almost to knock down the fair mistress of the mansion, who certainly was as close to the door as if she had been about to open it for her unwelcome intruder.

"Good morning, madam!" he said, with the exceeding courtesy of an angry man, before the storm that has gathered, breaks. "Good morning. Will you have the kindness to tell me where Miss Dawson is gone, and why she is gone?"

Mrs Hylier suffered Mr Byfield to repeat his question before she answered; she was debating within herself whether she should assume the tone of indignant and outraged propriety, or that of a gentle upbraiding; her temper triumphed, and she lost sight of her husband's interests and her husband's wishes. In loud and unqualified terms she upbraided Mr Byfield with what she termed his sinful duplicity, in forcing a person, whom she called by no gentle name, into her house; exhausted a dictionary of epithets upon Miss Dawson—talked wildly and at random of depravity—and wound all up by a movement something between an hysterical and a faint. Mr Byfield sat—his great grey eyes dilating and contracting, like those of a cat in the sunshine, according as his passions were moved; and notwithstanding his age, such was their fire, that they would have scorched the noisy fragile thing—who had sunk into her luxurious chair, a trembling heap of mull-muslin and English blonde—if she had had the moral courage once to look him fairly and bravely in the face. There sat Mr Byfield, white and motionless—so white, that the flakes of his snowy hair could hardly be distinguished from his cheek; his eyes flashing, as I have said; his long bony fingers grasping either knee, and grasping it so tightly, that the dark veins stood out like purple ridges on his hands.

"Ring the bell!" she said, at last perceiving that he took no more notice of her sobs than he had done of her words. "Ring the bell!" He neither spoke nor moved; and at last the lady essayed to do it herself. He seized her arm—and Lord *Lyndsay's* mailed glove did not press more deeply into the soft arm of Mary of Scotland, than the old man's animated bones did into the wrist of Mrs Hylier. She screamed with spleen and pain, but resumed her seat. And there he continued to sit opposite to her, without trusting himself to speak, yet, by his presence, effectually preventing her moving. Suddenly Mr Hylier's well-known knock resounded through the house. There was a rush of light young feet—the echoes of the beatings of anxious hearts—and exclamations of "Oh, papa!" "Dear papa!"—and a whisper or two, and then Mr Hylier came in, just in time to catch his wife, in another faint, upon his arm. Questions followed; and the two young ladies were turned out of the room; while Mrs Hylier sobbed and moaned, and called her-

self an ill-used woman. And at last the old man, gathering up his energies, girded himself and spoke. He stated fairly and plainly, in agitated tones, that he had placed Miss Dawson with Mrs Hylier, because he wished to observe how she would bear the ill and careless manner in which he knew she would be treated. It was (he said) of paramount importance to him that he should observe how she bore up against the disagreeableness of her situation; it had not (he continued) escaped him, that, as long as the impression remained upon Mrs Hylier's mind, that it would please him to be kind to his protégée, she was tolerably considerate; but when she found that he neglected her altogether—the circumstance that would have drawn a noble mind to be more gracious to one so utterly deserted by the world—rendered Mrs Hylier careless and unfeeling. Mr Byfield had his own way of doing every thing; and there is little doubt, from his own statement, that he would have gone on, heaping mystery on mystery, had he not been suddenly aroused to a sense of Miss Dawson's uncomplaining illness, by her appearance in the park; and, after much mental deliberation, he determined—still after his own strange fashion—to provide her a quiet home, and be himself the bearer of his reasons to Mrs Hylier.

"I thought," he said, "that fertile as you and your friend Mrs Ryal are in attributing impurity to pure motives, you would hardly have dared to pin a slander upon these white hairs, or supposed that so single-minded and self-sacrificing a creature as Miss Dawson would rush into vice—and such vice! I imagined, indeed, that you would have considered me her father; but to have thought and acted as you have done—to have turned her pennyles!"

"I did not!" screamed Mrs Hylier; "I gave her a month's salary—I—I!"—and then she appealed to Mr Hylier, to know why he suffered her to be insulted; and, losing all command of herself, reiterated her opinion of Mr Byfield's conduct.

"For shame," said her husband. "Mr Byfield, I intreat you to consider how Mrs Hylier has been acted upon by the misrepresentation of Mrs Ryal. She does not think her own thoughts, or speak her own words."

"I do!" repeated the foolish woman. "If it is not as I say—what connexion is he of Miss Dawson's?"

"HER GRANDFATHER!" answered the old man.

"And had I not believed that I could place no dependence upon a character that had not been steeped to the lips in the bitter waters of the world's strife, I ought to be ashamed to own it. Why, then, should I feel such bitterness towards you—poor thing of a whirling world! You!—upon whom she had no claim; but that is false. Madam, there are women in the world who acknowledge the claim of sisterhood, even when it is covered by the rags of shame; who seek to save—whose hands are filled to overflowing by the charity which God pours into their hearts; whose means, however small, like the widow's cruise, increase by giving; whose names will ascend and form part of the glory of the everlasting heavens, when ours will leave no record save upon the cold and lying tombstone! Oh, my God! my God! why do you not soften our hearts before it is too late!"

Mrs Hylier would have essayed, if she dared, to say that she did not believe he was Emily's grandfather, but she could not; and Mr Hylier, while the old man paced the room violently, and wrung his hands, whispered her he had but that morning returned from the neighbourhood where her mother died, and where her extraordinary and unceasing efforts for the support of that dear mother, particularly during the last years of her life, were talked of amongst a domestic and parent-loving people, as something so enduring, so patient, so gentle, so holy, as to be quite wonderful. "And this is the creature," he added, "that the gossip of a chattering neighbourhood, eager to pick up the crumbs of court or any news, prompted you to insult. I felt honoured by my friend's desire that I should investigate for myself, and all I can say is, that if I had had the slightest knowledge of her high qualities, she should never have been treated as she has been."

"A lesson!—a lesson!" said the old man, in a voice hoarse with an emotion he used every exertion to control—"A lesson to us all, Hylier. But now to find my—yes, my child—the child of my daughter, to tell her who I am." He again paced the room, pressing his hands together, and almost convulsed.

"May I hope, sir?" stammered Mrs Hylier.

"Hope nothing, madam," he interrupted, "as I do, but that time may be given you, as well as me, to render justice."

And now, if the tale were to end, as made-up stories do, with a record that the old man found his grandchild much better than he had anticipated; that they lived for a short time happily together, and then the governess was married to a great lord, to the discomfiture of all gossips, I should substitute fiction for fact—which I cannot do. The life of a young woman, devoted to the instruction of youth, may be likened to those streams we read of—springing up we know not where—which murmur along, fertilising as they flow; and then, after trees, and flowers, and slightly plants, have sprung up through their unhonoured influence—behold! they have disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and are seen no more! In society, we constantly meet young and accomplished ladies; their acquirements are universally acknowledged and admired; until they "came out," they

were attended to always in their hours of study, of illness, of amusement, by their "governess." She is gone now; no one ever inquires after her. She is gone, if young enough, to another situation, again to attend upon young ladies in their hours of study, amusement, and illness—again to be dismissed—again forgotten. I think it is a high privilege to be entrusted with the education of youth—one of the very highest that a woman can enjoy; but if she perform her duty, her services should never be slighted or forgotten. The "teacher" should rank, after her own immediate family, in the pupil's affections; or, if that cannot be (for we can all respect many whom we do not love), in her esteem; she should always be honoured, and never permitted to want; her importance to society is as vital as the unseen sap to the blooming tree; her situation subordinate, her influence paramount—not in the usual course of influences; but if we look back to our own young days, we shall remember how much of what we learnt from some patient teacher has directed us through life. My astonishment has often been excited, not by the little which governesses know, but by their knowing so much. Nevertheless, until some decided step is taken by the legislature to regulate not only schools, but the education of teachers, there must always be a chance of their incompetency to perform at least a portion of all that is required of them. Still, in nine cases out of ten, what has been done for ourselves in the way of education, has been done by this hardly-used race. And certainly Mr Byfield ought to have been satisfied with what Emily Dawson had already accomplished, without turning her over to one whom he knew would try her to the uttermost. His feelings were hardened, and he was rendered suspicious—by the past circumstances of a varied life—of there being any good in human nature; his benevolence was often frozen over; but when it thawed, the verdure of a generous nature came quickly forth.

The first step he found it necessary to take was to find where Miss Dawson was; but here he was baffled. The housemaid had received warning from her mistress the previous night, in consequence, she said, of her attention to "the governess;" and a few moments after Mr Byfield had spoken to her, had gone, as Mrs Hylier had commanded she should. The other servants pretended to be, or were ignorant, of her residence; and such was her firmness of manner in the falsehood, that Mr Byfield believed she had told him the truth. The natural impetuosity of his character was now directed to find her out; and fancying she had gone to her old friends, he posted off, leaving a wonderful story to the good people of Kensington, which was told in at least twenty different ways, the last being the most extraordinary.

While all was agitation and confusion in her former home—while Mrs Hylier reproached Mrs Ryal, and Mrs Ryal continued to assert that, despite all, she knew she was right—while Mrs Gresham's soft heart yielded in all the weak lovingness of its nature to the conviction that Emily Dawson was "a wonder among governesses," and Miss Colette Mercier divided her feelings as equally as possible between "chere Emily," her new parol, her chere maman, and a certain leaning towards a gentleman who always wore "such sweet kid gloves"—while the servants regretted they had not been more civil, and the visitors that they had not been more polite—Emily Dawson, overpowered by the weight of an illness she had so long borne up against, was lying utterly incapable of sustained thought or action in the small back room of a tiny house at Chelsea. Mary's arrival was a great consolation to her. She sat by her bedside "mending up her things," and "quilling her caps," as a preparatory step to her "looking for a new place." Emily would have been glad she talked less; but as she never expected an answer, and chatted in a low, sleepy, rippling tone of voice, it did not disturb her much. She spoke in what she considered would be the most consoling manner, showing how much better off Emily was "than many a poor lady governess she knew long ago." She told of one who, having lost her health, died in a workhouse, and no one ever looked after her; of another, who was the only comfort and support of a blind father, who would sit holding her hands in his, running his fingers over the arm worn to a shadow, listening for the doctor's tread, and turning his sightless eyes to his face, as if trying to read an opinion it gave the good doctor pain to pronounce. And then, how she did pray that God would take her father first; but the prayer was not heard, for she died, and every morning the father crawled to the churchyard. The little children would frequently go out of their way to lead him to his daughter's grave; and at last he died upon it, without a complaint; and the coroner returned a verdict—"Died by the visitation of God;" but she knew it was by the visitation of famine. "Another young person" passed them by every morning; there, that was her walk, she knew it by the halting, as she was lame, though for all that, she got over many a mile in a week. She had a turn for languages, and taught a great many at a shilling a lesson, and had constant employment; and one sister instructed in music, and another in dancing. They worked very hard, and did not earn much, but they lived happy with one another, and liked it better than going out for good, though Miss Fanny (the dancer) was fearful she couldn't teach this last winter, from a wheezing she caught from damp feet, as she could not afford to ride. Indeed, Mary declared, in her time she had seen much misery under a thin silk gown; poor ladies were obliged to seem rich, for if they did not dress "respectable," no one would have them, though they hardly paid them enough to earn salt. Miss Dawson was happy, compared to many she knew. It was a pity that tradesmen did not keep their daughters to the shop instead of giving them notions above one thing and below another. Making them governesses half times, was little better than making them slaves. Miss

Dawson ought to bless her stars; for as soon as her cold wore away, she'd be sure of a good situation.

And she would have talked thus much longer, had not her mother called her out to inquire, if she knew "what property the 'poor lady' had," as a doctor ought to see her; and Mary, good-natured girl, spurned at the question, yet coincided in the opinion, saying she was no expense to them, for she had neither ate nor drank; and if she had, she had wherewith to pay—it may be remembered that Mary did not particularly adhere to truth—and that the doctor had better come at once; she would go and fetch him—and so she did; and when he heard her cough, and saw the flush upon her cheek, and her hair moist with the dew of that English disease to which thousands are sacrificed, he blistered her chest to relieve her breathing, ordered a light diet, and particularly recommended Italy, the south of France, or Madeira; and that to a governess, with three pounds five and sixpence in her purse, and no friend!

"Oh, I shall be soon better, sir," she said—"very soon. I have been much worse; a few days' rest and quiet will quite set me up."

"Send to her friends," said the doctor to Mary.

"Lord, sir!" replied Mary, opening her eyes, "sure she's only a governess!"

Let any one recall the sick-bed of a beloved object suffering from hectic fever; how wearing that everlasting cough, which only ceases, to begin again; how sad, after you have drawn the curtain, softened the night-lamp, and given the composing draught, with an earnest prayer to Almighty God that the patient may enjoy sleep, how sad still to hear the hack, hack, of that gasping chest breaking up the false repose, and then to know, by the movement and the sigh, that the poor patient has turned; and though the pillows are down, and the sheets cambrio, and though thoughts and hands of tenderness love have smoothed them, and poured out the most soothing and reviving perfumes—that still, though there is little positive pain, there is no rest—and you are called;—that sweet silver voice steals its melodious way from your ear to your heart; the church clock has struck two, and the watchers' eyes are heavy, but the eyes of the watched are bright; and she will have you open the curtain, and she talks of things to come in this world—of the spring time and the summer, and of when she shall be better, and of how pleasantly the autumn will pass at the sea-side; the summer will fly quite away with her cough, and then she shall so enjoy the autumn! And while she talks, her thin pure face and glorious brow, round which the damp hair clings, rest on your bosom, and you know that it is now December; but that autumn, summer, spring, will never be gladdened by that hopeful voice! Nothing can bring her back the ease of body which the poor cat enjoys before the fire; tended, as she is, by the watchful love of a whole house, she knows not rest. How much more must the governess have suffered in that small room, upon a hard bed, shaken by kindly but rough hands, believing that if God prolonged the life which, despite our sufferings, we all cling to, it would be ended—where? Alas! so hospital will open its doors to consumption; the lagging, certain, wearing, wasting, complaint, engendered by our shivering atmosphere, of which so many hundreds, especially governesses, perish, finds no public friend in charitable England.* But it was not only the wretched, unrelieved, weariness and pain of body that Emily suffered from; it was, that she had been hooted forth characterless; she, the pure, high-minded, upright, honourable girl, trembled lest she was sinking into her grave tainted; that she would meet her mother with the mark of shame, which passeth not away, upon her brow. The notion haunted her; the thought of it would not let her sleep by night or by day; she said in the morning she would be better by the evening, and in the evening she would certainly be better in the morning; for she was of a hopeful spirit; and her disease—slow, pallid, traitor that it is—encouraged hope. Several days elapsed, and her little money, despite Mary's exertions, was nearly gone. With the high-toned generosity of a noble mind, she would not write to her friend of her distress, for she knew she had not the means to relieve her, and why should she make her unhappy. She did write, though a little every day, resolving to send the letter off when she was better. The doctor saw she grew rapidly worse, more rapidly than usual, for her mind was goading the disease to double speed; her money was gone, though Mary stoutly said it was not, and showed her silver, which the girl had pledged her own Sunday-shawl to obtain.

In the mean time, Mr Byfield was driven almost to madness. What would he not have given to have had the power of recalling his former harshness?—how he deprecated the bitterness which made him change even his name, that his child might never hear of him! how cruel did he deem what a little time before he would have called his consistency! how did he mingle tears with his morning and evening prayers, and in positive agony call upon his wife to forgive him his unforgiveness towards his child! He found no trace of his granddaughter in her native place, and in London he was bewildered by the difficulties and negatives he experienced every where.

Mary had only been a few weeks in her place, and had covered her retreat with what she considered admirable skill. The abruptness and violence of Mr Byfield's manner defeated his own inquiries; but fortunately, Mrs Gresham, who had taken from the first a warm interest in Emily, was more successful. She made inquiries with a woman's tact, and at last communicated the good news, that she had traced Miss Dawson to Mary's house. The old man intreated her to accompany him there, and she consented. Mary's mother had become very discontented at her lodger's poverty, and mother and daughter were in loud altercation on the subject, when Mr Byfield, unable to restrain his impatience, thundered so loudly

at the door, as to bring all the inhabitants of the street to their windows.

"I tell you, sir, I know nothing about her. How should I?" exclaimed Mary to Mr Byfield, who could only get his stick through the open door, for she held it close with a considerable share of strength. "It's no use your coming in; she's not here; and if she was, what is it to you, you old sinner?"

"I tell you," said Mr Byfield, "she is my grandchild. God help me!" muttered the old man, as he leant against the door-post; "God help me! that rough girl guards her honour more carefully than I did."

"That's impossible!" answered Mary. "If you was her grandfather, you'd never have sent her governess to Mrs Hylier, I know."

"I am here, Mary," said the gentle voice of Mrs Gresham; "and it is quite true that Miss Dawson is Mr Byfield's granddaughter."

"Mary opened the door with what, in the poor, is deemed 'impertinence,' in the rich 'self-possession,' as if nothing had occurred; curtisied them in, and hoped that Mr Byfield would not think the worse of her; she was a poor girl; and though great folks might live without a character, she could not."

Mrs Gresham told Miss Dawson the fact she had learned as delicately and carefully as it could be told; and accounted for the old man's strangeness by expressing the desire he felt to see, himself, how she would bear the rubs of life. She thanked God earnestly for the disclosure. The old man knelt by her bedside, and called her "his child"—"his dear child"—"his only hope and comfort on this side the grave. Alas! people who are liberal of the bitters of existence, should remember that poison, even unto death, may steal into the cup."

In a few hours, Emily was removed upon luxurious cushions to the house of which she had become the most honoured mistress; even Mrs Hylier sent her little girls to minister to her comforts; and Mary was of course with her. A sudden spirit of sisterly love and tenderness sprang up amongst those who had been accounted censorious and malevolent; and the surrounding maids, wives, and widows, became animated by a most extraordinary longing for inquiring into the state of Miss Dawson's health. They ascertained what Mr Byfield's name had been, and that he had changed it to avoid his daughter's recognition. This knowledge afforded them satisfaction; they did not even venture to censure the unpardonable harshness from a father to a child, though some of the more independent spirits amongst them insinuated, that "it was at least very strange, and carrying resentment farther than they could have done." Mrs Ryal was the only one who remained firm to her first "principles" and opinions.

Every thing that skill could suggest, or luxury invent, was resorted to for the relief and comfort of the long-neglected girl. The great physician of the day told her grandfather, who stood before him with clasped and trembling hands, watchful eyes and ears, drinking in his words, that when she was able to be removed, he would recommend the south of Italy. This was in her dressing-room—a room hung with pale pink silk, where the soft breeze whispered its way amid crowded exotics, and the very light of heaven stole through tinted glass; where the old man himself removed his shoes before he entered, lest the smallest noise might disturb the creature cushioned upon satin, who, only a few weeks before, was expected to brave cold winds and everlasting fatigue. The reaction upon the grandfather's mind amounted almost to insanity. The stern, bitter satirist, had melted into a fond old man, who seemed absorbed in having once more something upon which he could safely pour out his long pent-up affections. It was not that a new nature had sprang up in him; it was only the nature of his youth returned. The truth was, it was himself with whom he had been ill at ease, and not the world. This is more frequently the case than we are inclined to believe.

The physician again felt her pulse, spoke a few kindly words, and departed. So softly did Mr Byfield follow him down stairs, that he did not even hear his foot-fall; but he arrested his attention when in the hall, by pressing his arm. "Sir, sir," he said in a trembling tone; "in here—speak softly—she does not love noise. You said, when she was able, we were to go to the south of Italy. Now, how soon will that be? We have had some sharp north winds—those keep her back; but will it be when the wind changes?"

"Not so soon as that, my good sir; but I hope soon—indeed I hope it—she has interested me much. You must keep her quiet—perfect repose—she must speak but as little as possible; she must not exert herself in the least; her lungs have been over-worked."

"God forgive me; they have, they have!"

"Very natural, my dear sir; you should have liked her to read and talk to you; but you must give that up," continued the physician, not knowing her past history.

"Ay, sir, ay—but Italy; when will she be able to be removed—in a week—a fortnight, perhaps—three weeks?"

"Indeed, I hope so. We can, you know, only do our best, and hope."

"Yes, sir; we can pray—and I do. You think it may be a month?"

"I cannot possibly tell to a particular time. We must watch the symptoms, and act accordingly."

"Certainly, sir; but you say the climate is not fit for her?"

"It is not; but she cannot bear exertion yet. Good morning, my dear sir; I will try and be here to-morrow precisely at the same hour."

"You do not trifle with me, sir, do you?"—raising hope to destroy it?" inquired the old man, almost fiercely.

"I have raised no hope," returned the doctor. "If she bears removal, it must be to the south of Italy." Mr Byfield caught at the back of a chair, and gasped for breath; at last he repeated, "If—if; you said so. Is there any doubt, then?"

The agony and despair lined in the old man's face compelled the doctor to lay down his hat; and the next moment found him seated by Mr Byfield's side.

* I am happy to say that this will not be much longer a reproach to England; a few kind-hearted estimable persons in this neighbourhood (Old Thompson) have already advanced considerably with a plan and subscription to open an asylum for the relief—if cure be impossible—of consumptive patients.

"My dear, good sir, I never deceive; but I hope you will nerve yourself as becomes a Christian. All things are possible; and every thing shall be, indeed of late *has been*, done, to overthrow our insidious foe. If I had seen her sooner—the old man started as if an asp had stung him; "though, indeed, that might not have availed much," continued the ready doctor; "she is young—the summer before her—let us hope for the best, and do our best; but I tell you frankly, the symptoms are against us."

"But she said she was so much better this morning?"

"It is a cause of exceeding thankfulness to find her so cheerful."

"And a good sign, sir?"

"The sign of a good mind," replied the medico, evasively.

Mr Byfield was gratified by the idea. "And so she has—an angel's mind," he answered. "Perhaps you can tell me to-morrow about Italy, sir. I have worked hard all my life, and have been a thriving man—more rich than people think, sir. I will heap gold upon that table, so that you can hardly move it, if you but save her life."

"What an extraordinary development of character!" thought the physician, as his carriage rolled away; "why, a tithe of this care would have saved her—ay, six months ago!"

"And where have you been, dear grandpapa," said Emily, as he stole again into her room, to sit and look at her, as he had done during the past weeks, until they had grown into months. "Where have you been?"

"Hush! you must not talk!" he said.

"Oh, but I may, a little under my breath. I used to be obliged to talk, but now it is a pleasure. Do let me mention what we spoke of yesterday—the nice almshouses you said you would build for old governesses. Oh, how glad I shall be to see the first stone laid! When shall it be?—Next August, on my birth-day?—Or, come here, I will speak very softly, if you will not be angry. My poor mother! She used to be so proud of her governess-child! Would you lay the first stone on her birth-day—the first of September? Thank you, dear grandpapa! Bless you! I see you will! I shall not want to go to Italy; that will cure me!"

It was beautiful to observe, that, though this creature loved life, as a young bird loves to poise upon its feeble wings, she did not fear death. As her frame decayed—as she wasted into a shadowy outline of what all those who had known her now declared had been so beautiful, her mind, freed from the grosser particles of earth, became more buoyant—purer it could hardly be—though more ethereal, when her cough permitted short snatches of sleep. She seemed as if, through those thin eyelids, she gazed upon all the mysteries of the unclouded world; a perpetual smile parted the pallid lip, like the division of a lily-bud; and when she awoke, it was to confer fresh interest on the things of life—an angel bringing the odour of paradise on his wings.

Poor Miss Mercier would kneel for hours by her side, and smile and weep by turns. "It did her good," she said; and she said rightly. Such scenes do good; they strike upon the heart; there is no deception in them.

"Do not weep for me," said Emily; "I shall be better soon. Every day I become better; and if I could only make you feel the importance of your duties, I should be so much happier. I am changed, though, a good deal. Were I to teach again, I would try and interest my pupils more about Hereafter than I did before. I would talk to them much more about the heavens, those lightsome heavens where the just are made perfect; it is so happy to think of their radiance, their glory, their everlastingness; and to think of this beautiful world, in which I once sorrowed and laboured, and yet loved; for surely it was created by God as a place of transit, where the good may have a foretaste of that happiness prepared for them hereafter!"

She would talk thus to all, pouring forth the very sweetness of wisdom, so that people wondered how she had gained such knowledge. Her two former pupils could hardly be separated from her; and though her grandfather manifested much impatience at being disturbed from her side by any one, still he was so proud, even during those awful hours of her goodness and sweet mind, that he could not refuse them admission, but made up for disappointments by stealing into the room during the night, and watching or praying while the heavy-eyed nurse slept. Each day the physician came, and each day the old gentleman would follow him outside the door, and inquire, as though the question were still new—"When will the time come? When may we go to Italy?" And the doctor would reply, with a kind look, "Not yet."

Even to Mr Byfield, to every one but herself, it was evident she was dying; it is almost too hard a word to apply to such a passing away; it was as if a rose dropped leaf by leaf, until the last few that remained trembled on the stem. She said, every day, she was better, much better; she had no pain now; and she should soon be able to drive out in the warm sunshine. Her friend, the clergyman's sister, came to her from the country. And the clergyman himself, he who had attended her mother's death-bed, prayed beside hers. It might have been that the young man loved her; but she never dreamt he did—never. She talked a great deal of the past and future, and of what blessings would arise from a higher-toned education. And one morning in particular, when the doctor called, he reproved her for wasting her strength in words. Again Mr Byfield followed him outside the room, and the physician led him into another apartment, and closed the door.

"My dear sir," he said, "our dear patient is very weak to-day."

"She said she was better," replied Mr Byfield.

"She is not; her mind is purer, and higher, and holier than ever; but she is sinking."

"Not unto death?" muttered the old man.

The physician turned away; he could not bear to look upon his earnest features.

"God bless you, sir; you have a great consolation;

every thing has been done that could be done; I wish I was as sure of heaven; good morning—be composed."

The old man turned away—he was alone—he sank into a chair; burst after burst of tears convulsed his frame. It was nearly four hours before he could enter his room again; he saw she was greatly changed in that short space of time, and yet she hailed him with her feeble voice, declaring she was better; he motioned Miss Mercier, who had been with her, to leave the chamber. He took her hand in his, gazed earnestly into her face, and sank upon his knees.

"It is not time for prayer yet, is it?—it is not night yet?" she said; "but pray, dear grandfather, I was wrong—it is always time for prayer."

"I am going," he answered, "to pray to you. Listen! Here, on my knees, I do intreat your pardon; an old man, whose harshness deprived you of your mother—whose harshness has abridged the length of your sweet life. I did not intend to try you beyond your strength, but I ought to have known better. I chained you with those hands to the galley, when I should have given you freedom. Can you forgive me, Emily? And when you meet your mother, will you ask her not to turn from me in heaven as I turned from her on earth. I will never rise till you forgive and bless me!"

The poor girl was deeply affected; she threw herself feebly forward and clasped her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek to his. She poured forgiveness and blessings on his white head, and fondly pushed back the silver hair from his brow. He replaced her on her pillows; but the exertion had shaken the sand in the glass of life; it was passing rapidly.

"You will be kind to those I love," she said, "and truly forgive those who were harsh to me; and you will be very good to poor Mary; and—oh, heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

These were her last words. The old man, frantic with grief, dispatched the nurse, who had just entered the room, for help; and when she returned, the dead face of his grandchild was resting on his breast, and he held up his finger, and said, "Hush! hush!" as though she slept, which he believed she did; and all night long he remained in the same position, murmuring every now and then, as if soothing a slumbering infant.

The old man is still living, but they say his mind is gone. Certainly his affections are in the grave, which he persists in saying was dug by his own hands.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE SEMINOLES.

WHEN the memoirs of the eastern emperor, Baber, were published a few years ago, a critic remarked, how much subject-matter for history even of recent occurrence must remain unwritten and unknown, since here was a great potentate whose life had been full of the most splendid transactions, but whose very name had scarcely as yet appeared in an English book. The same remark might be made as to contemporary history, when we reflect that the United States have for six years past been pursuing a war of the most extraordinary nature, full of romantic enterprise, with an object calculated to raise feelings of the deepest interest, and costing an enormous sum, yet which has hardly been alluded to in British newspapers. We suspect the truth is, that the public cannot afford notice, sympathy, or interest, for more than a small part of what goes on in the world, and that their selection of the part in which they are to be interested depends very much on their being in some way personally concerned or affected by it. This is a consideration which might be expected to discourage us from making reference to the Florida war; but somehow it has not had this effect. We have ourselves felt considerable interest in some information on this subject which has come under our attention; and we are vain enough to suppose that we shall be able to awaken similar feelings in our readers.

Florida is a large flat swampy peninsula, on the east side of the Gulf of Mexico. Chiefly in a natural condition, and very scatteringly inhabited, it was transferred by Spain to the United States in 1821. It then became an important object with the States government to clear it of the few thousands of Red Indians of the Seminole race who possessed it. The plan usually taken by the States to get rid of Indian races from any territory which they wish to settle, is to bargain for their emigrating to some out-of-the-way district beyond the Mississippi. Such bargains are not easily managed; for, though the States are kind enough to appoint an officer of their own, whose nominal duty it is to take charge of the Indian interests, there is, after all, great difficulty in ascertaining that the bulk of the people, or even of the chiefs, fully assent to the conditions, or are at heart disposed to carry them into effect. The Seminoles are said to have agreed, in 1832, to transfer themselves to the Far West, in three detachments, one each year, on certain conditions. A deputation of their number was to select the new ground for the nation, and the first detachment was to go in 1833. As far as we can understand the case, it was impossible to have all the arrangements made in time to admit of this first migration taking place in the stipulated year, even if the Indians had been willing. They are naturally dilatory in all things, and they are particularly slow to leave a country endeared to them as the land of their fathers. It also appears that they found themselves overreached as to some of the conditions. In short, 1835 came, and the emigration had not even begun. The president then determined that that which had been to take place in three years should be, at whatever hazard, done in one. That some were willing to go, appears certain; but it is equally certain that others were extremely hostile to the

movement. Amongst these was a young chief called Ocoola. One anecdote of this man—of which we unfortunately are unable to give the exact date—speaks his sentiments powerfully. At a meeting at Camp King, General Clinch produced the treaty for the signature or mark of the chiefs. It was in a beautiful glade amongst the luxuriant forests of Florida. The document lay spread upon a table, midway between a party of the States soldiery and the Indian braves. Some had peaceably signed the paper, and it came to the turn of Ocoola. He, with a proud step and a disdainful curl of the lip, approached—drew a dagger from his bosom—and striking it through the paper and the table together, till the glittering steel was seen below, exclaimed,

"THERE IS MY MARK!"

He was seized, bound with ropes to a tree, and kept for a time in solitary confinement. But either he should never have been meddled with, or he should never have been liberated: with such a man there was no proper middle course. By the time that the deputation returned to report on the new lands, Ocoola had put himself at the head of a party who were determined not to remove. The deputation reported in favour of their yielding to the treaty. For this, its head, Enomatika, was openly shot down like a mad dog. His death leading to no retaliation, showed that the national feeling was with Ocoola. Immediately after, a covert party, said to have been headed by Ocoola, killed General Thomson, who had been Indian agent in this case, along with five others, as they were walking under the very shadow of Fort King. It has been stated, that Ocoola used on that occasion the identical rifle which Thomson had formerly presented to him with the hope of conciliating his friendship: the intermediate confinement and harsh usage had obliterated the obligation. The warrior then sent a negro to General Clinch, the governor at Fort King, to tell him that he had a hundred and fifty barrels of powder, which should all be consumed before his people could be conquered, and that he would lead the cheating pale-faces a dance of five years, for their insolence towards himself and his warriors.

The government proceeded to take measures for the removal of the Indians, but it greatly under-estimated the numbers and the spirit opposed to it. President Jackson had been Governor of Florida; he had once easily routed a party of the Seminoles; and he was led to believe that they had not now above four hundred warriors. The force sent was therefore inadequate to the purpose. The first blow struck by the Seminoles might have raised an alarm. A detachment of 114 men, with a six-pounder, under the command of Major Dade, was proceeding through the country, when the Seminole warriors set upon it, and cut off all but two men. That patriotism of the Indian kind, and no meaner feeling, animated the victors, was at the same time proved by the condition in which the slain men were found, not one of the corpses having been stripped of a single article of value. The bulk of the States forces were now pursuing a march in the same direction by a different route: they were almost simultaneously met by a party of the Seminoles, and an obstinate and sanguinary contest ensued. The Indians were driven from the field; but the States army was obliged, by its losses, to retrace its steps, thus seeming to give up the war at the very beginning. It cannot be doubted that the Seminoles were much encouraged in their resistance by the results of this first campaign.

The government lost no time in sending larger forces, but it did not calculate on the difficulties which the troops had to meet in conducting such a warfare. For many months the Indians were successful in almost every encounter. Ocoola continued to be their commander, and never did any warrior signalise himself by greater courage. The government and people became surprised at the slow progress of the Florida army in removing the Indians. The following account of the scene of its operations makes that any thing but wonderful:—"When the regiments began their march through different portions of the peninsula, they at once plunged into a *terra incognita*, and groped their way to the designated points with constant embarrassments, that were as unexpected as they were perplexing. The surface of Florida is generally divided between *hummock* land and pine barrens. [A *hummock* is a marsh overspread by tangled natural forest.] The barrens are moved over by troops with comparative facility, but being everywhere intersected by spurs of hummocks, or by the hummocks themselves, no march of many hours can be made in any section of the territory, that does not encounter impediments which obstruct, delay, or, perhaps, entirely turn it aside. Besides, in the more southern portions of the peninsula, there are cypress swamps, the most impracticable of all the embarrassments that beset military operations in Florida. The cypress has a base that spreads like a trumpet's mouth, and, though the trees may stand many feet apart, they almost crowd at the surface of the earth; while nearly every interstice is filled up by 'cypress knees,' which are sharp, slender, and short cones, seemingly set there like artificial obstructions to a march. In the enumeration of difficulties, we must not forget the saw-grass and saw-palmetto, both of which have serrated edges, made hard and unyielding by the

* A Narrative of the Early Days and Reminiscences of Ocoola Nickanochee, &c. London: Hatchard and Son. 1841.

mineral substance they take up in their growth, which tear the clothes, and lacerate the legs and feet of the soldiers moving through them, to a degree that can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not seen or felt their effects. The trace of a column through these lets and hindrances has often been marked by blood and tatters of clothing."

It is easy to conceive under what disadvantages the American soldiers contended with a foe always distinguished as much for insidiousness as for valour, in a country so unfavourable to all regular military operations. Large detachments were often cut nearly to pieces. One great cause of the ill success of the Americans in their first campaigns was their eagerness for immediate success. The government, actuated by the same feeling, thought it necessary, at every blow suffered by their troops, to make a change of officers. New officers brought new dispositions and plans, along with ignorance to be corrected by bitter experience; and thus no progress was made. For one horrible feature of the contest—the murdering of all prisoners—it is difficult to say which party was to blame; nor is it very clearly shown how the Americans came in time to pay no regard to the white flag. But even these atrocities sink before one which was afterwards introduced. When the American generals found themselves baffled in ordinary warfare, and no appearance of a speedy end to the contest, they introduced blood-hounds from the West Indies, with which to search out scattered parties, and help to overpower them. There can be no reason to doubt, that many wretched human beings were torn down and killed by these ferocious animals.

The Seminoles suffered a great blow in the latter part of 1837, in the capture of their most distinguished warrior. There is too much reason to believe, that Ocoela was a victim of the white man's treachery. A chief named Caococchee, or Wild Cat, hardly less celebrated than himself, had been induced to listen to terms for yielding to the wishes of the government. The officers, reposing faith in him, sent him to endeavour to prevail upon Ocoela to join him in the capitulation. On his return, some appearances induced the officers to withdraw trust from him, and send him as a prisoner to St Augustine. Ocoela came, apparently, to confer about emigration, but, it was suspected, with the secret design of making a sudden attack and liberating the prisoners, if he should see fit. He was attended by eighty well-armed warriors, who, according to stipulation, placed their arms against a tree at some distance. At a preconcerted signal, in spite of the flag under which he came, the warrior was surrounded and made prisoner, and the arms of his companions seized. He was immediately sent prisoner, with his wife and child, to St Augustine, whence he was soon after removed to a prison on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, in South Carolina. There was a strong feeling throughout the States that he had not got fair play; but his restoration to liberty was not once hinted at. The eagle spirit pined in its confinement, and Ocoela was not long a living man. When it was known that he had died, there was an universal feeling of sympathy, and this savage warrior was actually buried with the honours due to a general. There has since been erected over his grave "a handsome monument," bearing the single word OCEOLA. The fact is, that the literary sense of his merits as a hero of romance, had caught the fancy of the Americans. Amongst many of their sentimental effusions about him, the following, which is designed as a dirge of Seminole warriors, seems the best:—

"Go to thy rest—

Not where the green and tall magnolias bow
Slowly and solemnly their lofty crests—
Above the violet grass we lay thee now!

Not where the pine
With dreary sighing answered back thy tread,
When forest dwellers made beneath its shrine
The ancient places of their silent dead.

Not where the stream,
Beneath the arching wild vine, whispers low,
With spirit voices—when the sun's last beam
Falls, where it bathes the warrior's dust—we go.

To thy dark bed
We would not that *their* music's wail should come,
Nor see them bend the plumed and glittering head,
In stately mourning to the deep-toned drum.

They mock us well—
With banner waving, and that hollow sound,
Long pealing from the battlements, to tell
That thou, our brave, hast ransom found.

Why should they grieve,
Even while their pale blood curdles to the heart,
Beside thy grave—that thou their bonds canst leave,
And to our fathers' hunting-fields depart?!

We do not weep—
The Red Man hath no tear to shed for thee—
Smiling, we gaze upon the dreamless sleep,
The fortress broken, and the captive free.

Hither we bring,
Ere yet this earth on thy cold brow we lay,
Thy boy—for one wild moment here to cling,
In love's first sorrow, to those lips of clay.

Bend low and near—
Nor sigh or moan must break our chief's repose—
Yet, boy, on thy young heart be written here,
A deep and burning memory of his foes!

* North American Review, No. CXIV.

† Indians believe that if they are brave and good in this world, they will be rewarded in the next by being placed in excellent hunting-grounds.

We ask not fame—
We call not vengeance for the faith we gave;
Trace in the language of your land his name,
And show your sons the Seminole's Grave."

The Florida war has been attended with many complicated and most laborious operations, costing a vast sum to the national treasury. Throughout the whole peninsula, which is barely inferior to England in extent, it has been necessary to form roads and build stockade forts. Were these roads, says our authority, laid down upon a map, they would cover it like a network. "During the first few years of the war, the tribes were known to occupy certain locations, where they were accustomed to plant their corn, and have something like fixed habitations. These were easily found, as the operations of the war spread out, and were successively destroyed. But after the tribes became broken up, and the bands were multiplied, though small in force, the planting grounds and habitual resorts of the women and children were removed to other far more sequestered spots, surrounded by dense hummocks and wide-spreading waters, which seemed to baffle all attempts at discovery. In more recent seasons, when the troops had acquired habits that enabled them to assimilate their operations to those of the Indians, and where competent guides had been arrested from the enemy, and compelled, under *peine forte et dure*, to play an Ariadne's part, these retreats were explored. It was surprising to notice with what tact they had selected these lurking places, so well adapted, upon military principles, by making the arrangements of nature supply the place of art, to give them security. And certainly none but an eye familiar with signs that speak alone to an experienced observation, could have guided the scouts through such a maze of forest, marsh, and water, as surrounded them. No accident or blunder could have led troops to penetrate such pathless hummocks, to wade through such broad morasses, ever on a zig-zag route, that seemed constantly abandoning its probable object, to stumble at last upon a few acres of dry earth, where a remnant of wretches had sequestered themselves, under a flattering hope that seed-time and harvest would there be permitted to follow each other in unmoisted succession. It would be vain to attempt a detail of the annoyances, fatigues, and wants, of these stealthy marches, which often run through a series of days and nights, frequently at the mercy of an unwilling guide, who might at any moment propose to offer himself, by false leading, as a sacrifice for the benefit of his tribe." After 1838, the Indians had chiefly taken refuge in the district of what are called the Everglades, in the southern portion of the peninsula, being the most inaccessible of all these wildernesses. But such was the perseverance of the soldiery, that these were, within two years, penetrated in three directions. This success had not been expected by the Seminoles, and the consent of a considerable number to the emigration was the consequence. Indeed, towards the close of 1840, the resistance of the Indians was all but extinguished. Routed out from their very last strongholds, and scarcely ever permitted to raise smoke twice from one place, the few remnants of the tribe could scarcely be said any longer to be in a hostile position. By that time, moreover, so many had been, by one means and another, forced to the west of the Missouri, that they were beginning to look upon that district as their home.

The war is said to have cost the States six millions sterling, and eighteen hundred men. We cannot wonder at either item, when we consider the vast number of troops required, and the arduous and sanguinary character of the contest. Of the number of regular troops usually employed we have seen no account; but we find, that between 1836 and 1840, more than fourteen thousand of the citizens of the neighbouring states left their homes, mostly mounted, and poured into Florida, to the assistance of the State soldiery. This militia were not without some warrant from the government for their interference, and they seem to have had their expenses paid; but the movement partook much, after all, of that volunteer character for which we are prepared by what we have heard of Canadian and Texian sympathisers. Five hundred came from Missouri, and two thousand from Tennessee, both of them comparatively distant states. "More than a thousand volunteers collected in Georgia in 1838, and came into Florida. The first information the general in command there had of this movement was communicated by a newspaper paragraph, and before scarcely a hurried step could be taken to meet the wants of such a column in a region where no *dépôts* were provided, and where there were few means of obtaining supplies from other parts, it was upon the ground of action." These particulars are highly characteristic of the frontier populations of the States; but such auxiliaries could not be useful in proportion to their expense. Much of their time of service was spent in travelling to and from the scene of warfare; and when upon it, with all their activity and zeal, they fell far short of the practised aptness of the regular troops. The irregularity of their coming was also troublesome. The thousand Georgians above-mentioned were probably a little surprised to find that they occasioned a retreat of the party which they expected to strengthen; but the step was unavoidable, on account of the unprovided state of the commissariat.

The remarks which the *North American Review* makes upon this "protracted, vexatious, humiliating, and burdensome contest," must be generally responded

to. "Strength and gain were on one side, weakness and loss on the other. Such relations inculcated lenity and patience in the powerful—the benefited party. An inflexible exaction of submission to terms which the Indians protested were neither expressed nor implied by the treaty as they assented to it, and an impatient requirement that the specific work of three years should be consummated in one, showed no leaning towards either of these benignant qualities. The Seminoles believed that they were outraged and contemned, and turned upon their oppressors with a fury that has raised a cry of horror through the land for years. Their fatal success has proved that the weak may sometimes be so strengthened by accident or circumstances as to be able to do enormous harm; that no nation or tribe, however insignificant, should be unnecessarily provoked to hostility, lest a power of vengeance be imparted to them beyond all foresight or calculation. The servile war in Rome, and the Maroon war in Jamaica, are examples which show that contests may be begun in scorn or heedlessness, which run through years of disappointment and humiliation, draining the treasure and wasting the life-blood of a great nation."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE.—RONSARD.

ONE of the most distinguished of the French poets of the sixteenth century was Pierre de Ronsard, whose name has already been mentioned in the present series. He was of a noble family; and indeed, in those days of limited education, few but the scions of noble families attained literary distinction. His father was a person of so much consequence as to be selected to take charge of the household of Prince Henry, son of Francis I., when the former was sent into Spain as a hostage for his father, made captive, in 1524, at the battle of Pavia. Born on the 10th of September of that year, Pierre had not the advantage of his father's personal care in his very early days. But his education was not neglected; and, at the age of nine, he was sent to the Royal College of Navarre at Paris. From this seminary he was taken away by his father, whose interest readily got him placed in the households, successively, of two sons of the French monarch. Thrown thus into court circles, young Ronsard showed such a lively turn of mind that he was selected as one of the gay train of Princess Magdelene, when she went to Scotland, to share its throne with James V. At this time he was a mere boy—a page. He remained two years and a half in Scotland, and six months in England, after which he returned to France, and re-entered the service of Charles Duke of Orleans, third surviving son of Henry I., and afterwards Charles IX.

We form a high idea of Ronsard's general quickness of talent, from the fact that, though but between fifteen and sixteen years of age, Charles of Orleans intrusted him with various missions at this time, and among others, one to Scotland. Escaping shipwreck narrowly on his return, Ronsard was employed in other services, which brought him into friendship with the family of Du Baif, one young member of which, Jean Antoine du Baif, afterwards gained eminence as a poet. Ronsard had up to this period attended only to the courtly accomplishments of the time; but the activity of his life brought on deafness and some other debilities; and the preceptor of young Du Baif seems to have been then fortunately at hand to give the necessary stimulus to his literary powers. He had previously known Latin; he now acquired the Greek with rapidity, and became passionately fond of its great writers. For five years he shut himself up, indulging in these studies. He translated the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the *Pistus* of Aristophanes. Though no one who knows the latter piece could almost conceive the possibility of such a thing, yet his version of the *Pistus* is said to have been actually represented on the stage. Be this as it may, Pierre de Ronsard had now found his vocation; and an interview with Joachim du Bellay, in 1549, strengthened his poetical propensities, and laid the foundation of a friendship, not the less warm and enduring because occasionally disturbed by the jealous irritability of the poetic race. Ronsard soon turned from translating the thoughts of others to the diffusion of his own in verse; and his works, well received by the court, with a few exceptions, accumulated to a large amount. He exercised himself in all varieties of poetical composition. Two books of *Lozes* came from his pen, containing an amazing number of sonnets, songs, elegies, and madrigals; five books of *Odes* upon all imaginable subjects; the *Franciad*, an epic poem upon the career of the great Francis; *Ecolques*, *Hymns*, *Gaithes*, &c.—such were among the compositions which he issued, and such their titles. He took precedence, in the favour of the court, then the sole arbiter of poetical merit in France, of Du Bellay and Saint Gelais, but was nevertheless much blamed for his pertinacious adherence to Greek diction and models. Boileau has sanctioned the charge.

* Recent accounts state that the war is not yet quite concluded; but the number of Indian warriors is believed to be reduced to a hundred and twenty, and these it is proposed to capture by offers of rewards, instead of fighting any longer.

It is now time, however, that we should intersperse with our dry prose some specimens of this poet; and having a number before us ready cast into English verse, we shall take leave to draw upon these sources. The following is an ode addressed by Ronsard to the delights of the early year:—

"God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;
And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narcissus did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint—
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herbage slip;
And ye, new swarm of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all!
This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove."

The next translated specimen, from the same pen (an anonymous one), presents an ode yet much admired in France.

"Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowing
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Bad ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock:
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his calow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoil'd by the axe or time."

When the beautiful daughter of Ronsard's former patron, James V., grew up to womanhood, she visited France, to be wedded to the Dauphin. But it was not the fate of Mary Stuart to be happy in any of her marriages. The Dauphin died, and Mary of Scotland returned to her home. Yet she had learned to admire Ronsard; and, even in her evil days, she showed her admiration by sending him a present of two thousand crowns, and causing a mimic Parnassus of silver to be made and transmitted to him, with the inscription, "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the Fountain of the Muses." Ronsard was not less partial to Mary Stuart, than she was to him. He says—

"I saw the Scottish queen so fair and wise,
She seem'd some power descended from the skies.
Near to her eyes I drew—two burning spheres
They were, two suns of beauty, without peers.
I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,
And trembling on their lids a crystal tear
Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day
When her first love pass'd like a dream away."

Alas! years had now sped on. Mary was in an English prison when she sent to the poet her remembrances; and, with his tribute to Mary, Ronsard paid an accompanying one to her persecutor and executioner, Elizabeth, who had also courted his favour by the gift of a diamond ring.

Ronsard, in the mean time, had witnessed many changes in France. Born in the time of Francis the First, he had seen that king, and three of his successors, pass successively and prematurely to the tomb, after each had held the throne for a time. All of these sovereigns patronised Ronsard, but more particularly Charles IX., who, as was noticed in a former article, exchanged verses with the poet, and allowed him considerable freedoms as a monitor. Henry III., too, countenanced him above the other poets of the day. Yet with these, as his addresses to them show, he kept, for the most part, on friendly terms. To Remy Belleau, for example, he paid rather an elegant compliment, in the shape of an epigraph having reference to Belleau's "Loves of the Precious Stones."

"Toll not to lay on Remy's head
The marble placed o'er other bones,
For he himself has built his bed
Of Precious Stones."

In the middle of the year 1585, Ronsard, who had been presented with one or two priories for his subsistence by Charles IX., grew ill at that of St Come, near Tours, whither he had retired for some time. He had spent, according to De Thou, a somewhat irregular life; but his last days were marked by humble penitence and resignation, and he expired on the 27th

December of the year mentioned. He was buried at St Come, by his own request.

Another little piece may be given before concluding, as a further exemplar of his style.

"TO A POOR MAN.

Why dost thou tremble, peasant, say,
Before the men who empires sway?
Who soon will, shadowy sprites, be led
To swell the number of the dead?
Know'st thou not that all must go
To the gloomy realms below?
And that an imperial ghost
Must no less the Stygian coast
Visit, than the humble shade
Of him who piles the woodman's trade?
Courage, tiller of the ground!
Those who hurl war's thunder round
Will not seek their last abode
In arms, as when the battle glow'd.
Naked, like thee, shall they depart;
Nor will the hauberk, sword, or dart,
Aval them more, when they shall flee,
Than thy rough ploughshare shall to thee.
Not more just Rhadamanthus cares
For the mail the warrior wears,
Than for the staff with which the swain
Urges on the glowing train;
By him with equal eyes are seen
Thy dusty raiment, rude and mean,
And purpled robes of Tyrian hue,
Enwrought with gems to charm the view,
Or all the costly vestments spread
Around the forms of monarchs dead."

Respecting the general merits of Pierre de Ronsard as a poet, the critics of his own country differ so widely in opinion, that a foreigner would be presumptuous in speaking decidedly on the subject. Almost all agree, that where he thought himself strongest he was really weakest. He used to pride himself on "Pindarising," as he called it, in his Odes, though he was very far indeed from attaining to any thing like the reach of Pindar, either as regarded thought or diction. Where he cast off all models in both respects, and wrote naturally, he shows, to use the words of a modern critic, that "he had many of the qualities that make great poets—force and brilliancy of imagination, fecundity of thought, and happiness of invention."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

VEVAY—CHILLON.

TEMPERATURE 70 degrees in the shade—a brilliant sun overhead—not a cloud on the purple-blue firmament—and, withal, a freshness of air curling the face of Lake Leman—were the characteristics of the finest, and what we considered the greatest, day in our journey—that on which we made an excursion from Lausanne to Chillon. The distance is about ten or twelve miles, by a pretty nearly direct route along the margin of Lake Leman, in an easterly direction—the road going through several small towns and ancient villages, and winding at other times through a universal vineyard. With a range of hill on our left, partitioned terrace above terrace, with vines trained in all sorts of forms; while bunches of ripe grapes lolled over the walls, almost dropping into the mouths of the passengers; and at a short distance below, on our right, the clear mirror of the lake, overhung on the south with the eternal and gloomy hills of Savoy—we enjoyed beyond description the charms of this felicitous scene. In weather somewhat more cool, a sauntering walk through a country so rich in natural and historical interest, would have been doubtless very desirable; but, on the present occasion, pedestrianism was quite out of the question, and we were fain to indulge in the more easy recreation of being conveyed in an open and first-rate vehicle, furnished by our good host of the *Hi-ton*.

The road is good, but bent up and down to accommodate the undulating face of the hill, and somewhat narrow. It is, however, well protected by walls; and looking down on these, we had a constant source of amusement in watching the gambols of hosts of lizards, with which the crevices seemed to be tenanted. They are exceedingly beautiful creatures, of a greyish-brown colour, rather less in size than a mouse, but with a long and flexible tail. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of their little eyes peering out from the chinks beneath the stones; and their feet being of the sucker order, like those of the house-fly, they run with as much agility up the face of the walls as if on level ground. The sight of these pretty creatures, which are quite innocent in their nature, was accepted as an indication that we were near the borders of Italy, their proper habitat; and things, as we thought, began to wear a dash of ultramontaniam.

The chief town on our route was Vevay, a place in the course of rapid improvement, and possessing a number of handsome houses, and some tasteful promenades in the environs. One side bears closely on the lake, and here steam-boats touch every two or three hours, in communication with Geneva, Ouchy, and other ports. A fitter situation for a resting-place

for tourists can hardly be conceived, for in the neighbourhood is some of the finest scenery in Switzerland; and it is little more than a day's run from Italy, by the road up the Valais. We stopped a short time at Vevay, in order to see its ancient church, containing the monuments of two Englishmen of note in their day, who died self-exiled from the land of their nativity. These were Ludlow and Broughton, both concerned in the trial of the unfortunate Charles I.; and here, sheltered by the authorities of Berne, who refused to give them up to the vengeance of the royalists, did they remain till the period of their death. The church of St Martin, containing their remains, is an old Gothic fabric, standing on a sunny knoll overlooking the town; and on our being admitted by a key-keeper, we found the interior furnished in the usual fashion of Protestant places of worship, with as plain benches and as little regard to taste as could be found in any part of the world. The tombs of the regicides are within the northern transept, and covered with pews. The monument of Ludlow, fixed to the wall, is a black marble slab, with a long Latin inscription in sunk gilt letters, commencing—"Siste gradum et respice!"—"Hic jacet Edmund Ludlow, Anglus natione" ["Halt, and look around!—Here lies Edmund Ludlow, English by birth"], and ending with the date 1693. The monument of Broughton was a few feet from this, and was a stone slab on the floor, covering, as I was told, his tomb. The inscription was also in Latin; and our conductress, by removing one or two of the wooden benches, allowed me to copy it into my note-book. It is as follows:—"Depositorium Andreæ Broughton, Anglicani Maydstonensis in comitatu Canty. ubi his prætor urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum proferri quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis obdormivit, 3^o die Feb., Anno Domini 1687, ætatis sue 84." Which may be freely Englished thus:—"The depository of Andrew Broughton, Englishman, of Maidstone, in the district of Canterbury, of which city he was twice chief magistrate. For the cause of the King of Kings he was honoured with exile from his country, and, at the close of his pilgrimage, sank under the weight of old age alone. His toils ended, he fell asleep in the Lord, on the 3d day of February, A.D. 1687, aged 84."

A walk through Vevay showed us, in a pleasing manner, that the local authorities seem anxious about preserving great order and neatness of appearance. We saw here what I observed nowhere else in the country—a stone pillar at each entrance to the place, on which was carved the name of the town, its division in the canton of Vaud, and its population, which is between four and five thousand. Exactness in such municipal arrangements is common in this part of Switzerland. The smallest village, inhabited by persons not above the rank of peasants, has its own managerial functionaries, and each is provided with a kind of market-place, at which is stuck up, within a trellis, all the public requisitions or announcements, so that none may plead ignorance of what concerns his public or private rights. As elsewhere in Vaud, the people seemed remarkably industrious, and business active. The staple trade of the district is in the wines produced from the adjoining hills; and to sustain and improve the quality of the liquor—which to me seemed a kind of thin Rhenish—no pains are spared. The indefatigable Murray gives the following graphic account of the exertions of the Vevayans in this important business:—

There exists at Vevay "a society or guild of very high antiquity, called *l'Abbaye des Vignerons*, whose object is to promote the cultivation of the vine; and for this purpose it dispatches every spring and autumn 'experts,' qualified persons, to survey all the vineyards of the district, and upon their report and testimony it rewards the most skilful and industrious vine-dressers with medals and pruning-hooks. In accordance with a custom handed down from very ancient times, which is possibly a relic of pagan superstition, this society celebrates once in fifteen or twenty years a festival called *la Fête des Vignerons*. It commences with the ceremony of crowning the most successful cultivator of the vine, which is followed and accompanied by dances and processions formed of lads and lasses of the neighbourhood, attired as fawns bearing the thyrsus, and nymphs. Father Bacchus in his car, and Ceres throned on a waggon filled with wheat-sheaves, appear in the most classical costume in the

midst of their followers. But the procession includes a singular mixture of scriptural characters along with these heathen bacchanals. Thus, Silenus riding on his ass is followed by Noah in his ark, and Pomona is succeeded by the spies from Canaan, bearing between them the bunch of grapes. A vine-press and a forge at work are also exhibited, drawn by five horses. On other days of the fête (for it lasts for several), the spectators are entertained with the native dances and songs of Switzerland, performed by the herdsmen and shepherdesses of the neighbouring Alps; and the concluding, and perhaps the most interesting, part of the festivities consists in bestowing upon a young maiden, the fairest in fame and form in the vicinity, a dowry—and in the celebration of her marriage with a partner of her choice. As many as 700 persons took part in the last festival; and some of the ballet-masters of the French opera repaired hither from Paris, several weeks beforehand, to drill and instruct the rustics in dancing. The ground was kept by 100 young men in the picturesque ancient Swiss costume, which has been delineated by Holbein. The two last anniversaries were in 1819 and 1833, and multitudes of spectators flocked from all parts to witness them."

About two miles beyond Vevey, we arrive at Clarens—a straggling village, with a few tolerable houses amidst others of an old and humble order, having, within a few feet, the lake on the one side and the green cultured hill on the other, crowned with a chateau of comparatively modern date. Clarens is no way remarkable in its physical or social features, but enjoys no small notoriety in the regions of sentiment, from being the place where Rousseau resided for some time, and where he has fixed the imaginary scenes of his "New Heloise."

"Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction—he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence—first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er crying deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast."

Those who, like Byron, can sympathise with the feelings of a man who positively luxuriated in a world of ideal misery of his own creation, and rendered himself conspicuous more for the singularity than the soundness of his metaphysical speculations, will join in the impassioned sentiments uttered by the noble poet in his address to

"Clarens, sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep love!"

But the every-day world looks more coolly on, and inquiring the character of the scenes depicted, will perhaps say with Scott, that Julie and St Preux were two tiresome pedants, in whose loves there was really nothing to interest any rational feelings.

Associations of sentiment, infinitely more truthful and exhilarating, are roused after passing Clarens, when the grey walls of the old castle of Chillon come prominently into view, at a short distance beyond Montreux, a neat old-fashioned village on the face of the hill. Disregarding Montreux in the meanwhile, we passed on to Chillon, which we found to stand almost entirely within the border of the lake; the outworks, in which was the gateway, being the chief portion on dry land, and immediately facing a high precipitous hill, partially covered with shrubs. A soldier of the canton on duty at the gate, and apparently the only male functionary, admitted us across the drawbridge, into the interior of the castle. The dimensions of the place surprised us. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and showing on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The castle was built in 1238, by Amadeus IV., Count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, and what may be called a den whence he could conveniently make incursions on his neighbours. A victory gained by his son in a battle fought near its walls, in 1273, gave him the command of the Pays de Vaud; and hence this southern portion of Switzerland remained under the sway of the Counts of Savoy till wrested from them by the Bernese in the early part of the sixteenth century. For pretty nearly three hundred years, then, we have to look upon Chillon as having been the seat of a petty despot, who was governed by no law but his own capricious will.

Conducted over the massive buildings by a loquacious female keeper, we walked from apartment to apartment, up and down flights of stairs, and from court-yard to court-yard, viewing the excessive strength of the fabric and its gloomy recesses with no ordinary feeling of curiosity. In the lower or underground floor of the western wing, we were shown a well-like gap in the stone floor, which, we were told, had been once covered by a trap-door, which sunk on being trodden upon, and precipitated the unwitting prisoner into a deep dungeon beneath. This was a second version of the traditional murders of the Schloss of Baden-Baden, and may either be believed or not. I confess to a small degree of scepticism on the point. Leaning over the gulf, I certainly saw there was a horrid dungeon below as dark as a pit, but at the same time I observed the relic of a stone step near the floor on which I stood, and therefore greatly doubt the legend of the trap in all its fearful details. Leaving this part of the castle, we proceeded to the main body of the place, which is a heavy building overlooking the lake, and whose back windows command a

view of the Savoy mountains on the south, and the gorge of the Valais, at Villeneuve, on the east. Here we were conducted through several halls, long since deserted and disfurnished, but still in good preservation, and showing on the ceilings and walls the remains of coats of arms, and other blazonry of their baronial possessors. The most interesting part on this side of the edifice is a suite of gloomy-arched vaults, entering from a lower level than the halls above, and which, from incontestible appearances, had been what tradition affirms they were—the prison dungeons of Chillon. The first two vaults we enter are said to have been guard-rooms; the next, which is more gloomy and damp, communicated at one time with the hall of justice overhead, by a stair now removed, and in its outer wall was a door, that most likely served as a private postern for exit or entrance by the lake. Immediately beyond this dismal apartment, which our conductress describes as the vault of execution, while she points out the relic of a gallows, we enter the last and much the largest dungeon in the series—the undoubted prison of Bonivard.

No one who has read the "Prisoner of Chillon" of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing, and hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault, by pacing, I found it to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonivard, the last victim of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars, a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic license has therefore been taken in the forcible lines—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for, 'twas trod—
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
By Bonivard! May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

The pillar thus connected with Bonivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of Byron. We found it literally carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these, Dryden, Richardson, Peel, and Victor Hugo, were conspicuous. Byron cut his name in strong characters, but some one has rudely disfigured it by a slash across. Supposing this to have been the spot to which Bonivard was manacled, he could not, by any possibility, have seen the islet on the lake, referred to by the poet—

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor."

The depth of the lake has also been strained beyond the reality—

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below."

The actual depth is about three hundred feet, the surface of the water standing three or four feet above the level of the prison floor, and consequently rendering the place damp and miserable to its unhappy inmates. Bonivard, as I have said, was the last who was here immured. Although prior of a religious establishment, he possessed exalted sentiments respecting civil liberty; and becoming obnoxious to the reigning Duke of Savoy, was seized and consigned to the vault which I have attempted to describe. There he lay for several years; and it must have been a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.

We now took our leave of this deeply-interesting spot, on our return to Lausanne, pausing on the way at Montreux—a small village, lying on the face of the hill a short way above the main road, in the midst of a wide extent of small fields, partly devoted to the culture of vines. I was very anxious to take a look of things hereabouts, and wished I could have spent some days either at Montreux or at Clarens—not to study scenes associated with the names of Julie and St Preux, but to study the appearance and supposable comforts of an imbrowned and hard-working set of peasantry. Possibly the reader is not aware that the parish of Montreux has for several years been viewed as something of a wonder, for its small proportion of births to population; and political economists have been quite at their wits' end to ascertain the true cause of so remarkable a phenomenon. Mr Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," has, I think, at last struck upon the truth—which he was enabled to do, not by living in London and theorising on the case, but by residing for two successive summers on the spot, and making himself familiarly acquainted with the details of this very intricate subject. As I propose some day to present an exposition of Mr Laing's views, I need not now embarrass the present article

with any observations of my own on Montreux and its industrious cottage-farming community, and shall now consider the reader conducted back to Lausanne, whence our next excursion will be to the ancient city of Geneva.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM.

[From the *Athenæum*.]

HAVING received, and most cheerfully accepted, an invitation to accompany a friend to an evening entertainment given, on the last day of the old year, to the pauper women in the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, we started from town on Friday evening, just as the dull fog had thickened over Hyde Park for the night, and after a nine miles' drive in the dark, drew up at the lighted gates of the Middlesex mad-house, gave in our names, and walked into a bright, cheerful hall, leading by white stone passages to various parts of the house. Following one of these to the apartments of the resident physician, we found that the party had already met in a room below. We accordingly retraced our steps, and after threading several other passages, came to a door which opened into the gallery where the lunatics were assembled.

The momentary impression made by the sudden change from the coolness and quiet of the empty stone passage to the heat, and hum, and bustle of a long narrow gallery, dressed out with fresh evergreens, lighted with numberless candles, and lined from end to end with three hundred and fifty restless mad women, was simply shocking; but this first impression speedily wore away, and was followed by the conviction, which every other guest must have felt before he left the room, that the generous humanity which had prompted the system of which this entertainment was only the result, had placed every one of these harmless lunatics in the possession of as much happiness as her mind was capable of enjoying.

In the middle of the long vista of frilled muslin caps, evergreens, white walls, and mad faces, down which I looked on entering, was a piano, and a crowd of dancers figuring away at country dances as mirthfully and with as good a heart as if they had been sane. We walked slowly down the room to where the dancing was going on, watched by many eyes that you saw were mad the instant you caught them. A small proportion only of the women danced; the rest sat at the sides of the gallery on benches, laughing or talking to themselves, whispering to their neighbours, lost in sad reveries, or watching earnestly and distrustfully the scene before them; and here and there a face expressive of intense melancholy, as if the poor creature were pondering on some mental misery too heavy for her to bear, called you away from the listless expression of childish imbecility which characterised the bulk of the party. A few keepers were interspersed with the dancers, who helped to give spirit to the dancing; but it was really difficult at first to say who was keeper and who was not. Every one of them seemed to enter into the enjoyment of the dance with so much good will, with so plain an intention of being amused, and so much light-heartedness, that at a little distance, and with the exception of a slovenly method of moving their feet, you might have fancied they were so many country people dancing at a village wake or fair. There was no uniform or work-house dress to mark them as the inmates of an asylum, but nearly as much variety in their dress as in that of an equal number of villagers.

The crowd altogether reminded me very much of a crowd of children. Willful, natural, saying what they thought, careless or unconscious of other people's opinions, earnest in trifles, sincere without concealment, inquisitive, eager observers of every passing thing, and in continual fidgety motion, you might have imagined yourself in a school of foolish overgrown girls. There were exceptions, of course, where excessive pride or inordinate vanity was the insane indication. The Queen of the Netherlands, for instance, proud as Lucifer, looked down upon you as if you were only dirt; and her equal in purse-pride, who carried a bag of gold—foreign money, she said, but the bank would know her pebbles were good foreign money, and would pass in the country she came from—was as conscious of her wealth as the sanest money-holder on the Stock Exchange. She stalked about in her poor straw bonnet and short sorry gown with a lofty stage pride, as if she had been the original goddess of plenty. Contrasted with her pride was the silly vanity of a feeble and somewhat delicate young person, who slipped in and out between the bystanders, and walked backwards and forwards incessantly, in a stealthy self-conscious way, wishing to attract attention, yet affecting to disregard it. She had been pretty once, was better dressed than the majority about her, and, instead of the common frilled cap, she wore her hair in bands, and had less of the kitchen-maid about her than the crowd that lined the walls. She was the wife of a professional man, gone mad, one would think, with excessive vanity. Whenever you looked at her she caught your eye, looked away suddenly with a complacent smile at having attracted notice, and walked on in her vain way, as if the eyes of all were waiting upon her. I thought I detected an expression of uneasiness at her being seen among so many common people. Many of them were very loquacious, and pleased at an opportunity of talking to strangers. A placid middle-aged woman, of the Mrs Nickleby genus, with a weak flow of soft religious

words, and a still weaker stream of namby-pamby, told me innocently that she had a sweet heavenly host of pretty little seraphs, three inches long, pretty little creatures, that she fed and nourished; they were up stairs now, she said, but she had been burrowing in the ground after them in the morning, which was the reason why she was not quite so well as usual. Her earnestness and minute description of particulars showed how completely she was living in a world of her own, where she saw the seraphs she described. She was fully impressed with the notion that she was sane, and that the rest of the people were mad.

The music and songs played in the course of the evening were very well received by the patients, on some of whom they produced sadness, and on others unnatural gaiety. In the middle of one of the songs, to which all were listening very quietly, an earnest, voluble woman standing behind me, to whom all things seemed possible, whispered in my ear, with an air of familiar truth which was almost startling—"You know I've been in heaven, and the songs they sing there are better than that, I can tell you." It was taking her too literally, perhaps, to follow up such an assertion by any further inquiry; but her answer to the question, "What sort of music have they there?" was rather a singular one. She considered a moment, and then said, as if she had been merely recalling past impressions—"Why, common sense, to be sure." When the song was over, she walked away towards the end of the gallery, where a few patients sat who appeared slightly more irritable than the rest; and among these was a silent, feeble girl, having a look of dejected imbecility on her sharp coarse face, which seemed as if her spirits had been broken down by want. She was one of the numerous class of patients who had been confined in that cruel bondage of restraint-chairs, sleeves, strait-waistcoats, muffs, or leg-locks (how rare it is to call things by their right names), from which the judicious humanity of the physician and the magistrates had at length released her. Her wrists were deformed by the hard leather cases in which they had been confined; and so habituated had she been to wear them at night, that for some time after they were removed, she held up her hands to be bound whenever she went to bed. Now she was permitted to wander about as she pleased; and although, under the old system, she had been tied up to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair, as a dangerous maniac, she conducted herself this evening with propriety, listened to the piano with much apparent pleasure, or sat near some friend, to whom she seemed attached, watching, with a various expression of shyness, or sadness, or apathy, every stranger's face that she saw in the room. She was not the only instance of the happy effects of removing restraint. There were forty-seven persons present, all of whom had been previously confined in some way or other, who now behaved with as much decency as the harmless patients who were always at large.

Before the dancing had ended, Dr Conolly, whose illness had prevented him from seeing his patients for some time previously, and who, for the same reason, was unable to join the party earlier, made his appearance in the gallery, and went through it, noticing nearly every person as he passed with some appropriate kindness. I have never witnessed before so affecting a tribute to unassuming genius and worth as was paid by these pauper lunatics to their resident physician. With few exceptions, the women rose as soon as they saw him, and eagerly stepped out from their seats to shake hands with him, and ask him how he was, hoping that he was better, and wishing him a happy new year. Wherever he went, there was some proof of their respectful affection for him, if not in words at least in manner, or by voice or look, or by the cheerfulness caused by his merely coming among them; the sympathising courtesy with which they were received seemed to rejoice them no less than hearing he was better. "What a treat it is," I heard a hearty old woman whisper to her neighbour, when he was out of hearing, "to see the doctor about again!" and the same feeling was expressed in the faces of nearly all. It may well be conceived that so many marks of sincere regard in these helpless lunatics, joined with the ready tact and quiet forbearance which Dr Conolly showed with uncertain tempers, his cheerful familiarity with those who required encouragement, his courteous deference to mad vagaries, sympathy with whimsical complaints, gentleness and firmness where they were needed, and his friendly sincerity with all, were not seen without emotion; while, at the same time, it afforded the plainest proof of the wisdom and humanity of the present system of treatment at Hanwell, when carried out by such an instrument.

At nine o'clock the evening hymn was sung by all who chose to join, and the party broke up, with no other interruption than the loud sobs of one poor soul, who left the room crying like a great baby for "her doll." When the signal was given to go to bed, the women left the room as obediently as children, shaking hands and wishing good-night with much simplicity. Among the last to go was a poor Irish girl, who interested me exceedingly. She was a fine hearty creature, with a full round Irish face, a brogue, and soft mild eyes, which, while she smiled to herself, seemed full of wilful gaiety, and then, on a sudden, became very sorrowful, as if her mind were filled with some painful recollection far removed from the place or circumstances about her. She was an uncertain patient, it seemed, and occasionally became refractory; but to-night she was only in unnaturally high spirits, dashed with these sudden fits

of sadness. When we were going away, she called out loudly, "Edward! Edward!" as if she expected him to come. She was supposed to have been the bride of a soldier who had married and then deserted her. She said, with inexpressible pathos, while a song was singing near her, "I had rather hear Edward play the guitar, than sit under a canopy of gold and have ten thousand a-year."

I find a difficulty in expressing what I felt on leaving this singular scene. Here were three hundred and fifty mad women, of whom perhaps no less than three hundred were incurably mad, having temper and dispositions requiring the most constant and rigid self-restraint to treat with proper forbearance, in some cases impatient of all restraint, listless spendthrifts of their time, or lazy and indifferent to the common everyday necessities of life, without the means or disposition of earning a subsistence, and either without friends or lost to them, or alienated from them by a malady worse than death, who were treated with a kindness and concern which they would not have met with, and perhaps could scarcely have expected, from their own kinsmen and friends. Instead of harshness, they find a charity which "suffers long and is kind," where imprisonment and violence were once thought necessary, liberty with firmness, or with merely occasional seclusion, is all that is required; and apart from the melancholy incidents which must necessarily follow a pauper lunatic into an asylum, you find these forsaken people in the comfortable enjoyment of as large a measure of happiness as will ever be found consistent with their demented state. It must, indeed, have been a gratifying reflection to the men who have planned and are carrying out the scheme of benevolence which has already been followed by such results, that to their courageous perseverance and enlightened charity are these benefits to be attributed. Their services are not confined to Middlesex and Hanwell; they are trying a great experiment for the nation, in devotion to which a life would not be mispent; and the issue of that experiment will be, that at no very distant day a law will be passed making all restraints in every mad-house in the kingdom as illegal as they have been already proved to be mischievous and unjust.

DAQUERRETYPE PORTRAITS AT THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

It seemed sufficiently wonderful to have one's "portrait in little" limned by the sun in a few seconds; but now it is done instantaneously; a passing expression is transferred to a plate, and the "Cynthia of the minute"—or rather of the *moment*—is caught and clapped into a case in no time. This magical celerity in taking photographic likenesses by the Daguerreotype at the Adelaide Gallery, is the result of some improvement in the process recently made by M. Claudet, who has also greatly improved the pictorial effect of the miniatures, by the introduction of backgrounds: and he adopts a method of fixing the image peculiar to himself. The momentary quickness with which the likeness is taken prevents the necessity for retaining a fixed look and posture for a certain time: this is not only more agreeable to the sitter, but gives a life-like ease and vivacity to the photographic portraits: thus, the objections made to their stern and gloomy expression are obviated in a great degree; the most transient smile being reflected in the polished surface of the plate as in a mirror. The addition of a background of trees, architecture, or a library, takes away from the metallic effect of the plate, and gives to the miniature the appearance of an exquisitely finished mezzotint engraving seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. This addition is made by simply placing a scene, painted in distemper in neutral tint, behind the sitter, and arranging the focus of the lens of the camera so that the upper part of the figure is shown: by diminishing the size of the head, the defects arising from an exaggeration of facial peculiarities are got rid of, and the salient points of the physiognomy are, as it were, concentrated: the fixing process, too, imparts a warm brownish tinge to the miniature, substituting the tone of a sepia drawing for the livid coldness of the metallic surface. The roof of the Adelaide Gallery is the scene of these operations, on which a chamber glazed with blue glass is erected, for use in cold and rainy weather: when it is fine, the sitter is placed in the open air under an awning, to screen the face from the glare of sunlight. Waiting your turn, and while away the time by trying to discern distant objects through the smoke, or looking at the steeple of St Martin's Church, that rises in bold relief before you, a courteous person invites your attention to a little square box that he holds, and placing it on a stand directly opposite to you, begs you to remain steady for an instant. He lifts up the little dark curtain that veils one side of the cube-shaped box, and lets it drop directly; you suppose there is something wrong—not at all—the thing is done; whatever your look was at that moment, it is transfixed on the plate; and you may go to the little laboratory where the process of "fixing" is performed, and, as the moisture of the preparation is evaporated from the surface, see what was the precise expression on your face at the time. There is your image, as though a diminishing glass had perpetuated the reflection—only without colour. But what a hand! surely you have not got such a huge fist: no; you happened to thrust it forward before the plane of the picture, and hence it has been taken under a different angle. You don't like to present a portrait with such a fist to the fair one to whom you have offered your hand; and you hesitate, though the likeness is so striking: M. Claudet perceives your embarrassment, and anticipating the objection, says, "Let us try again, if you please;" and the operation is repeated—ay, and a third time, if any accidental failure renders it necessary. Should you prefer it, a friend may share the operation; and at the same moment both phizzes will be transferred to the plate: we saw a loving

couple taken in this way, nay, even groups of three; you may have a whole family enclosed in a couple of miniatures. The small size of the heads does not diminish the likeness: you might have a set of shirt-studs ornamented with portraits of your friends.—*Spectator*, April 16.

QUALITIES OF BAD PAPER.

In order to increase the weight of printing paper, some manufacturers are in the habit of mixing sulphate of lime, or gypsum, with the rag to a great extent. I have been informed, by an authority upon which I place great reliance, that some paper contains more than one-fourth of its weight of gypsum; and I lately examined a sample, which had the appearance of good paper, that contained about 12 per cent. The mode of detecting this fraud is exceedingly simple; burn 100 grains, or any given weight of the paper, in a platina or earthen crucible, and continue the heat until the residuum becomes white, which it will readily do if the paper is mixed with gypsum. It is certainly true that all paper contains a small quantity of incombustible matter, derived from accidental impurities, but it does not amount to more than about 1 per cent.; the weight, then, will indicate the extent of the fraud. Brande, the professor just quoted, also mentions a circumstance of a Birmingham button-maker, who had a large quantity of newly made buttons so much tarnished as to be unsaleable; and upon examining into the cause, it was found to be owing to there being left in the paper in which the buttons were wrapped up a considerable quantity of chlorine, or oxy muriatic acid, which is used in the bleaching. There are very few goods that would not be injured by the action of chlorine. A coloured paper manufacturer would find it difficult to fix any vegetable colour upon paper so impregnated, and the loss to him might be very serious. Great caution is therefore necessary in the purchasing of paper for such purpose.—*Magazine of Science*.

MUSTARD—WHITE AND BLACK.

The seeds of these indigenous annuals which have of late years attained such celebrity as a condiment, have been cultivated throughout Europe for an unknown period. The French call the plant *sénéclé*, and confine the term *moutarde* to prepared table-mustard. Mustard, moutarde, mosterd, &c., are said to be all contracted corruptions of *mustum ardens* (hot must), the sweet must of new wine being one of the old ingredients in mustard prepared for dietetic uses, a practice still adhered to by the French. In moistening mustard powder for the table, both the flavour and appearance are improved by mixing with it rich milk; but this has the disadvantage of not keeping good for more than a couple of days. Professor Brande states, that what is usually sold as Durham mustard, is a compound of a little mustard seed, Cayenne pepper, wheat flour, and turmeric. According to a late analysis, both the yellow and brown mustard seeds contain indiscriminately, 1st, a soft fixed oil of a dark-greenish colour; 2d, a yellow volatile oil, on which depends the pungency; 3d, an albuminous vegetable principle; 4th, much mucilage; 5th, sulphur; 6th, nitrogen; and lately, Henry and Garot have discovered a peculiar acid, which they have named sulpho-sinapic acid; and hence is accounted for the reason of genuine mustard requiring to be made a few hours previous to use, in order that these principles may react on each other, and acquire the pungency and flavour which characterise good mustard, and serve to distinguish it from all those spurious articles sold under the name of mustard. Independent of its valuable properties as a condiment, it has been used as a remedial agent in many diseases from the remotest period. The great Boerhaave relates the case of a girl at Amsterdam, who, after taking a variety of medicines for chorea (St Vitus's dance), was at last restored to perfect health by the seeds of the white mustard (our common yellow mustard); and the same learned author states, that he found it an invaluable remedy in obstructions of the liver, indigestion, dropsy, and various other diseases. Its external use as a cataplasm to the feet, in determination of blood to the head, is so well known, as not to require any particular notice.—*Burnett's Outlines of Botany*.

TAKING CARE OF JUPITER.

The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer. It behoves us to take care of Jupiter."—*Lucan*.

BANKING GENEALOGY.

Apologies of Sir J. Child, I have to remark, that he founded the firm which still retains his name at Temple Bar, and which, with the house of Willis, Percival, and Co., is considered to be about the oldest in London. Child's house is understood to possess documents which prove their existence as a bank as early as 1663, since which they have never moved out of the same premises. The books of Messrs Hoare, in Fleet Street, are said to go back to 1680; and those of Messrs Snow, in the Strand, to 1685. Stone, Martins, and Stone, of Lombard Street, claim to represent the house of Sir T. Gresham; but this, I presume, must be more a matter of tradition than of documentary evidence, and is principally noticeable as suggesting views of ancient descent upon the part of our commercial interests, which will bear a comparison with the genealogy of many noble houses.—*Banks and Bankers*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh. Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and all booksellers.

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